UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

The Chief Aim of Man

By CHARLES F. DOLE

A Criticism of "The New Evangelism"

By ROBERT BURDE

"Men Like Gods"

Review by JAMES WALDO FAWCETT

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JOHN HAYNES HOLMES : *Editors* : FRANCIS NEILSON

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. XCII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1923 NUMBER 6

"It is certainly strange to observe how many people seem to feel vain of their own ungratified optimism when the place where optimism most flourishes is the lunatic asylum. They never seem to pause to reflect on the goal that lies ahead of them, though there must be few who on looking back cannot perceive what terrible accidents they might have foreseen and avoided by the aid of a little pessimism. When the gods, to ruin a man, first made him mad, they do it, almost invariably, by making him an optimist." *—Havelock Ellis.*

The October 4th issue of UNITY, containing J. Reuben Clark, Jr.'s article on "The Pacific Settlement of International Disputes" and our own "Program For Peace," was given a circulation unprecedented in the history of the paper. Several thousands of special copies were printed, and distributed to senators, representatives, distinguished public men, clergymen, professors, churches, peace societies, newspapers and magazines in this country and abroad. Widely varying comments are now coming in, most of them of a decisively encouraging character. In due season we shall present the more important of these comments in our columns in the form of a "symposium." It is heartening that, at just this critical time, UNITY's word should be carried so far, and its influence be made so impressive.

The hope of the world is not in the generation that is passing. Among the elder statesmen there appears not one in position of power and influence who appears to recognize the miserable failure made of the opportunity given. In the world both East and West they have plunged into a welter of blood and hate, and they sit among the ruins like marred and broken stone gods, or they rush about like raving maniacs threatening to destroy what has survived the catastrophe they created. Our hope is in the coming generation. They obeyed the old men who sat behind mahogany desks and decided the fate of the world. The buttons were pressed and they took their places on ships or in the trenches. They suffered. They saw what men in safe places did not see. They know. They who went down "into the valley of the Shadow of Death" to bring life into the world, are nearer understanding "the heart's desire" of uncounted millions, than those who played with life as pawns to win dominion over land and sea. Our hope is in youth, in the ideals of love and goodwill in the heart of youth that have never yet been conquered or entirely destroyed. For those who labor and strive for the New World of Peace and Goodwill this is not the hour of despair. For us there is no defeat. For us there is no faltering. One generation of leaders has failed us. A new generation appears. It knows more than the one that has passed. It knows more than its elders knew, as youth always does. This is our hope and the basis of our courage.

Evidence continues to accumulate that the action of the League of Nations in the Italian incident was exactly what we have said it was—a failure and a scandal, and all but a death-blow to the organization. And this evidence, let it be noted, comes from the friends and not from the enemies of the League! We have quoted in these columns the early opinions of the New York *Times* and *World,* the denunciations poured out at the Geneva council table by the outraged representatives of the smaller powers, and the sober judgment of Lord Grey. Now, as a fitting climax, comes the outburst of the Dominion Premiers at the meeting of the Imperial Economic Conference in London. All of these men, of course, championed the League and demanded that the British Commonwealth support it to the utmost in the future. But they apparently denounced the handling of the Italian affair in scorching terms. Lord Robert Cecil's explanation and defense of what happend at Geneva, it is reported, was ridiculed and condemned. One and all the Premiers declared that the League should have dealt with the Corfu question itself and not retired in favor of the Council of Ambassadors. "Pusillanimous" was the gentle word used by one Premier in referring to the Cecil defense of what was done. As for General Smuts, it is reported that he brushed aside Lord Robert Cecil's explanation with such scorn, and, lifting the whole discussion on to the moral plane, denounced his opportunist arguments with such withering sarcasm, that the noble Lord was moved to tears. At the close, we are told, the "Dominion Premiers all declared that their peoples demand that the League in the future be made an effectve instrument for the prevention of future war." *"In the future,"* mind you! That settles for us the whole question as to what actually happened in this immediate past. General Smuts is one of the best-informed, most intelligent, and most devoted friends of the League that can be found today on this round earth. His colleagues in the Imperial Conference are

every one as eager as he is to have the League succeed. When such men read the riot act to Cecil, the fact of the failure of the League last September is established.

Whenever we hear our good Socialist friends deriding and denouncing the churches, we are always tempted to ask more or less peremptorily, By what right? We are as generally sympathetic with the Socialists as any, we take it; but when it comes to their condemning the churches for ineffectiveness, inefficiency, treason to their own ideals, etc., we get peeved. For who are the Socialists that they should say these things? What have they done in critical hours to qualify them to sit in "the seat of the scornful"? Take the Great War? We agree that nothing could be worse than the action of the churches during that period—except the action of the Socialists and Labor groups generally! In America, for a little time, the Socialists, or at least some of the Socialists, did very well. But Labor as a whole, in Europe as elsewhere, did little to stop the War when it came, and everything to sustain and thus continue it after it came. In England, with a few glorious exceptions like Macdonald and Snowden and Morel, the Labor Party supported the war government, and Henderson entered the cabinet in symbol of its loyalty. In France, the immortal Jaurés was promptly slain, and the Socialists lashed to the war chariot. In Germany Scheideman and his crew *"hoched der Kaiser,"* and led the workingmen triumphantly to the slaughter. Everywhere the Labor groups vied with the churches in sustaining the war and thus playing Judas to the International Ideal. But why hark back to the War? What about today? What are the Socialists doing in Germany?—hitting up the goose-step in supporting Stresemann's betrayal of their Ruhr comrades and in voting for his dictatorship. What are the French Socialists doing?—keeping so silent amid the Poincaré abominations that nobody knows that they exist any more. What are the Italian Socialists doing?—clearing the ground for the triumphal processions of Mussolini. What are the Spanish Socialists doing?—huzzahing for the military dictatorship and its overthrow of constitutionalism. It's a nice record our Socialist friends are writing these days. We have little enough to say in praise, and much in condemnation, of the churches. But our Socialist friends, it seems to us, might well have the grace of silence as they look at the churches—and themselves.

More and more as European affairs have been developing into the present amazing muddle, we have found ourselves wondering what our anti-German friends are going to do when the full catastrophe breaks upon us. In the old days it was so easy!—whatever Germany said or did, denounce it; whatever England and France said or did, extoll it to the skies! Especially was it easy in those old days to "spot" the hated pro-German. This monster might not be saying anything particularly favorable to the Germans, but he was criticizing the English or the French, and that was enough. To be anti-English or anti-French was equivalent to being pro-German—a simple formula which saved a deal of thinking. But, alas and alack, to quote the familiar newspaper slogan, "them days is gone forever." England and France are no longer together; they are opposed. One has to choose between these two devoted allies. To support France, one has to be anti-English; to support England, one has to be anti-French. Nay, the situation is rapidly becoming far more terrible than this. For England is now definitely sustaining Germany as against France in the contention that the invasion of the Ruhr is illegal and unauthorized by the Versailles Treaty, and thus giving aid and comfort to the enemy. In other words, in less than five years after the Armistice; the European alignment is not England and France against Germany, but England and Germany against France! Now what are our anti-Germans going to do? To be really anti-German, they have got to be anti-English, too! But to be anti-English is (or *was*) to be pro-German. Perhaps there's nothing to be done except to make sure of being anti-German by being pro-French. But, to be pro-French is to be anti-English! O Lord, how long! Was there ever such confusion worse confounded! And think of the plight of our poor distracted friends when the next war comes along, with England fighting against France to save civilization, and make the world safe for democracy! There are embarrassments, after all, in these international friendships. We prefer to be what we have always been—not anti-anybody but pro-everybody. In other words, pro-humanity!

If we are ever to have a sane and orderly world, one in which little children may laugh and play and men and women live serenely, we must develop the imagination. At a great meeting in London while the Peace Conference was being held in Paris, one of the speakers said that if the English people could have visualized the effect of the blockade of Germany during the war, they would have instantly demanded that it cease regardless of its military significance. If we today could visualize the suffering in a large part of Europe, could see with the mind's eye the starving children, the broken and hopeless old people, the despairing fathers and mothers, we would unite in one great effort not only to relieve the present suffering but also to affirm President Harding's noble words, "It must not be again." But we lack imagination! What if happening in the family of our next door neighbor would rouse us to immediate action, moves us not at all when it happens three thousand miles across the sea. So we spend millions of dollars on military camps, turn reviews of men trained for the

death of their fellows into gala fetes, and send bombing planes with their threats of wholesale slaughter over populous cities. Thousands of dying children are piteously calling for help and we go gaily on planning to win the markets of the world and make a few men the owners of the earth. This is not because we are an essentially cruel people. It is because we do not see. What we need to pray for above all else is that we may have given us that power of imagination that will enable us to look beyond the horizon line.

Foreign visitors to these shores continue to be interesting. Lloyd George, flashing like a meteor across the firmament, has of course attracted the largest measure of public attention. His oratory is as transcendent as ever, his personality as fascinating, his opportunist adaptation to circumstances as diabolically clever. But he seems to be making no deep or serious impression. The newspapers, giving him ample space, treat him obviously as a "show" rather than as a statesman or even a great historic figure. Nothing has struck us more than the deliberate refusal of the press to treat the famous Englishman with anything other than good-natured levity. If, as has been charged, Mr. George is expecting to restore his shattered reputation at home by his great success abroad, his visit must already be set down as a failure. Much less conspicuous, and designedly so we imagine, is Count Apponyi, of Hungary. The purpose of his visit is strictly business—to dig up gold from American money-bags to sustain the dictatorship of Horthy a while longer, and, when times are ripe, to get back the lost provinces of his native land, by force of arms if necessary, and perhaps even restore the monarchy. He is saying in good loud tones many true things about the abomination of the peace treaties—and these are wholesome for American ears to hear. But they should not deceive us as to the real purpose of the Hungarian nobleman, who is consistently and cleverly working in the interests not of liberalism but of reaction. Another visitor, most interesting and important of the lot, to our mind, is Israel Zangwill, novelist, dramatist, poet, great Jew, great humanist, great prophet of brotherhood and peace. Here is a man whom all may honor, whose visit to our shores is disinterested save as it concerns matters vital to the progress of his own people and the larger happiness of men generally. Incidentally, also, it might be well for us to listen to what he has to say. We thought so, the other afternoon, when we heard him state his conviction that the America of which he wrote in his great pay, "The Melting Pot," is disappearing.

We always like to quote Bernard Shaw, because we think him not only one of the wittiest but also one of the wisest men of our time. We know of no thinker today who penetrates more unerringly to the heart of truth than he. We would trust his judgments and prophecies beyond those of almost any other contemporary of whom we know. Hence the satisfaction with which we find in *The Christian Register* (August 23, page 795) mention of a speech recently delivered by Mr. Shaw to a group of American professors and students, in which he denounced the separatism of the modern religious world. "You must get rid of sectarianism," he said, "or recognize that it is only a sectarianism of your own, and that there are other people whose religion is just as good. We will have to get something like a religious formula which is applicable to all." If this is not an exact description of what the Community Church Movement is now representing in this country, we are ready to abandon the Movement forthwith. On the negative side, the Community Church is nothing in the world but a reaction or rebellion against "sectarianism" and a deliberate attempt to "get rid of" it. On the positive side, the Community Church is very definitely an attempt to find "a religious formula which is applicable to all." This "formula" the Movement finds in the community—the community life, the growing community consciousness, the democratic community ideals. Here, in the center of our common experience where we find fellowship together, and not in creed, or ecclesiastical organization, or Bible, or Savior, is the reality of religion. For religion is the quest of brotherhood, is it not; the community is the organization of brotherhood, and its spirit the spirit of brotherhood. This, therefore, is our "formula." Already America is making real the vision which Mr. Shaw is seeing.

The Chief Aim of Man

Do we not undervalue the thinking power of our orthodox forebears? Doubtless they used old-fashioned phrasing and most of them carried a burden of barbaric superstitions. But the genuine men among them grappled sturdily with grand thoughts. Take their conception of God: Spirit, the ultimate Reality, one only, yet commanding all the manifoldness of the world into unity, in whom we veritably live and move and have our being, akin to the Creative Life. Is there any more rational or more satisfying thought than this?

Take the central thought of the Shorter Catechism: What is the chief aim of man? This is to assume straightway that man has a chief aim, that is, a purpose and worth. Who is man that he should be credited with such a central purpose? Do you believe this? Do you care to understand what it means? The prodigious assumption is, that no one has come to his

stature as a man, who does not believe this and does not proceed to act accordingly. What thought as large or sanely practical as this can anyone think about?

This idea comes more clearly to light, when we read what they put into their old Catechism for the answer to the question of the ages: What is the chief end of man? What is he good for? What is he here for? What purpose does he serve? Let us confess that the language of the answer seems a bit strange: "To glorify God and enjoy Him forever." This is no Music Hall heaven, with rows of winged angels singing endless Hallelujahs! What is it then for intelligent beings to glorify God? It is to set highest of all things in our hearts Truth and Goodness and Beauty; to hold beyond all other values "mercy, pity, peace and love." Where these are, God is. Or, again, God is that innermost reality which shows itself in these most lovable and beautiful things. We have heard of men, and have known delightful men and women, who have thus glorified God. All our songs and hymns, and whatever we call worship, are nothing but the symbols of true and good men's highest thoughts and feelings and aspirations and desires towards the eternally true and good and beautiful everywhere in the universe, and this approach to our best is to glorify God.

People talk often as if the older religion was frightful. Yes! The early painters certainly overloaded their canvas with a dismal background of storm clouds. They took over an exaggerated realism from the world-wars of their days and found their devils in the uncouth faces of ugly and angry enemies. Nevertheless these painters of human thoughts saw also the vision of joy. Man was made to enjoy God forever. It is not a fact that man, great men and common men, so often as they have set their hearts on Truth, and Goodness and Beauty have found at once even here in this world vast and unfathomable fountains of gladness?

We suppose the idea of evolution, or a growing world, is a form of the underlying thought of a purposeful universe and the purposeful God. Man cannot get on with his thinking without this idea. It seems to be imbedded in our nature as men. When we come to ourselves, and become acquainted with ourselves, we find deep within us the desire for a purpose, for instance, the will to be of some use. All other creatures seem to be on a march, as if towards a fulfillment. Man cannot bear to walk with "aimless feet." Even the children live and learn by virtue of their real but short lived aims. They must be forever shooting at some little mark. But the grown man reads the changing face of the word as the working of a master purpose. He would like to have a hand in it—to share the toil and the joy of the vision. Neither can he be content with a merely outward world of machinery, wound up to go so long, and after aeons to drop back into meaningless, purposeless chaos. There is a spark of the infinite in us; beyond the show of things there must be an eternal and spiritual significance. Thus we find ourselves constituted.

Just here in our need we are faced with a bit of inspiration in the two majestic words of the Lord's Prayer: "Thy kingdom come; thy will be done." Our hands seem here to be close to the driving forces of the vast movement of evolution; just when tired of small aims and petty or unworthy purposes, we see what is big enough to be the aim of the whole; we are here offered a share as co-partners in the splendid enterprise of creation. This was always the spiritual substance of all the Utopias. What is the Kingdom of God, or the kingdom of heaven,—that is the spiritual order of our Trinity of Truth, Goodness and Beauty, but that which we call civilization? Long sighted far off by the few, it is now almost for the first time coming into general view as the dream of all good and friendly men. Did it not burst into a little flame of hope after the Great War, enough at least to show that the ancient rude way of force, by which the Pharisee class had sought to impose their tyrannous wills on their unwilling neighbors, ought never to be opened again? There remains the gleam, like a rising star, of a grand coming order of good will for all men. Once men ignorantly feared the working of the will of God. It was seen as something arrogantly working over and against their wills. Now it appears the most human and persuasive of beautiful things. Who would not love to be a partner in establishing the civilization based in the True, the Good, and the Beautiful, to create and enjoy which men seem to have been born!

We have been waked up to see the comparative futility of a civilization consisting in outward things, in wealth of material, in shortened hours of labor and the semblance of an even distribution of property. As with the individual, so with the great commonwealth, the coming welfare can never be itemized in abundance of things. What we all want most is the type of man —the common man not less than the gifted leaders— who shall live generously, think nobly and aspire mightily to the life of a Son of God. We want men so spiritually humanized in their powers, their friendships and their joys, as to be able to make themselves at home wherever beautiful things are and where love is, in the breadth of the universe. This is the partnership to which we are bidden. But first we must make this earth a fitting home for every man's child.

Does anyone complain that this view seems to revive the old superstition of the personality of God? But the superstition lies not in thinking of the personal God, but rather of a limited God like a great man on a throne. The personal God is an enlargement of vision. In the best sense the person is fulness of perfection. Can purpose exist where no person is? Can man alone be purposeful, but the universe be devoid of purpose? The whole world rather seems instinct with purpose, and purpose is personal. We cannot indeed quite think God away, use what name we please or

use no name at all. For all that is true and good and beautiful is in the thought of God.

Finally, all this of which we have spoken is wonderfully practical. We are here each and all to do beautiful things, and to help show forth the things of beauty.

We are here to discover truth, to teach the ways of truth, to be depended upon to be true and faithful men in every task or emergency.

We are here to do righteous things, to do nothing unjust, to grow ever more sensitive about justice. We are here to do kind and helpful things, to be strong friends, to be happy and to make the world happy, as carrying the secret of the happy life. We are here to take splendid ventures in the inevitable outreaches of goodness, to fear no evil, but to overcome evil with good. All this is the chief aim of man, and the purpose of God; it is the partnership of man with the spirit of the universe. It is the daily practical enterprise of the civilization of the world, and the experience of immortality. CHARLES F. DOLE.

Jottings

No more gratifying evidence of the passing of all the illusions and propaganda myths of the Great War, has been seen of late than in the reception given to Mrs. Edith Wharton's novel, "A Son at the Front." In spite of universal admiration of a great author, the book is a failure. John Macy expresses contemporary judgment in *The Nation*—"The love story with 'news from the front' is staler than the Kaiser's memoirs."

In a recent Sunday issue of the New York *Times*, the editors announce "the largest regular edition ever published by a New York newspaper." The paper actually contained 501 columns of news, special features, and pictures, and 862 columns of advertising—facts which again raise the question as to whether our present-day newspapers are *newspapers* or advertising broadsides!

Says M. Felicien Challaye, a distinguished Frenchman:

> Either the occupation of the Ruhr is contrary to the Treaty of Versailles, or the Treaty of Versailles is the direst of iniquities.

Ten columns of any issue of UNITY are open to the man who can show that this dilemma is false.

The University of Michigan is trying simply to be fair, we imagine, in denying to George W. Wickersham the privilege of speaking in its halls on the League of Nations. It has shut out so many radicals in past years, that it can be assumed it is now trying to hold the balances even. As a matter of fact, of course, the University is only making itself ridiculous. Think of denying to a man like Mr. Wickersham the right to speak on the League of Nations on the pretext, forsooth, that this subject is "political"! Good heavens, is the League never mentioned in classes on history and government? Freedom of thought and speech is the only rule in these matters, and it is time our colleges found this out.

Charles A. Dana, in answering the question as to what constitutes "news," is reported to have said that, if a dog bites a man, this is *not* news, but that if a man bites a dog, this is news. On the basis of this explanation, we quite fail to see why our newspapers should have bothered to report the fact the Samuel A. Gompers was re-elected for another year as President of the American Federation of Labor. If this is news, so is the fact that men wake in the day-time and sleep at night.

If you really want to know the truth about the situation in Europe today, read the following three books:

(1) Nitti—"The Decadence of Europe."
(2) Ravage—"The Malady of Europe."
(3) Gibbons—"Europe Since 1918."

J. H. H.

A May Day in Berlin

Editorial Correspondence.

A walk through the Tiergarten (Berlin's 1000 acre park, in the heart of the city) this morning was enchanting. A people that can produce a park like this need never despair. It is a wonderful combination of water and land, of beauty and utility. Here was a goose-pond, and adjoining a sand playground for children . Here was a road for autos and adjoining a road for riders.

In making an inquiry of a passing citizen I fell in with a man who could speak English as well as I. He was on the way to get tickets for Shakespeare's "As You Like It." He said with a twinkle "We Germans are studying Shakespeare more than the English." This is literally true. I have seen advertisements of Shakespeare's dramas on the boards, scores of times this winter—of course, in German. I got my chance with him to make my address to the Germans. "Don't get discouraged over the fall of the mark. If it rained dollars, it would not save the nation. You have greater riches than money. You have science (I thought of Einstein) and music (I heard Händel's Messiah last Monday night, rendered the best I ever heard it), and philosophy, and painting and theology. Turn to these things." If I were a German I would let the French

and English and Americans do the dirty work of the world—catering, manufacturing, digging coal—and give myself to cleaner and more lasting arts.

I went to the English church this morning. It is very difficult to find it—so set back from the street. It would require a telescope for a flying angel to discover it. I found about 100 people in a churchly auditorium of a building dating back 60-70 years. I will withhold my impressions of the Church service. It is probably the most nationalistic service in the world; although these days "the President of the United States and the government of the land" are mentioned in the supplications along with His Majesty King George. (When the Holy Roman Church a 1000 years ago was building a religious machine of infallibility and coercion, little was it thought that the king of a foggy island, not on the map, would later grab the machine and put on it a political head. Always dangerous to build a machine. Someone else later will grab it and turn it against the builder!)

Coming out of church I met a delicious bit of humor, illustrating Mark Twain's remark about the English being described by "Blessed are the Meek: for they shall inherit the earth." I am on the lookout, in every country I visit, for examples of war time true intolerance or tolerance. So I said to the ancient looking usher "Was the Church closed during the war?" And I pictured wild-eyed nationalistic or communistic mobs —à la National Security Leaguers or Ku-Kluks— breaking the windows and tipping over the pulpit. Such outbreaks of intolerance evidently had never entered the imagination of the ancient usher. "Oh no," he said, "when Queen Victoria dedicated the church she ordered that it should remain open for ever." Which remark is also a delicious reminder of the intimacy of the ruling houses of England and Germany. And I am still looking for instances of outbreaks of intolerance against foreigners during the war. While the University of Washington—from the President down —was thrown into a panic because an honest teacher of ability dared to mention Goethe in the same sentence with Shakespeare, the Germans went right on playing Shakespeare in the theatres, and respecting property.

And now leading American papers are using the same words and the same devilish lies against Russia and Russians that were used against Germany and Germans, and the American people are drinking them in.

Speaking of Russia, I'm led to give my forebodings, which focussed themselves while I was listening last night to some wonderful music of Beethoven, Schubert and Schumann. You know what music will do—to clear the vision. Here are my forebodings of a coming storm breaking upon Russia. These are the signs of vicious propaganda against Russia in England and America. Newspapers withdrawing correspondents from Russia because of alleged interference of censor. Bankers decline to risk loans in Europe. Rumors among the refugee Russians that a revolt within Russia is developing. Relief agencies withdrawing from Russia—"A. R. A.," "Quakers," "Save the Child Fund." England, America, France, Italy, in their foreign offices,—all out gunning for Russia. Plan is to handcuff Germany and Turkey, so as to remove possible allies of Russia. France free hand in Ruhr in exchange for England's and America's free hand in Near East. Meantime, no government cares a whoop for children who starve, or the slaughter of innocent men.

Now, I say, is the time for these preachers and editors who have begun to speak of the "outlawing of war," to proceed to outlaw the war-makers—to point to Curzon, Hughes, Poincaré and declare "Thou art the man!" How long will men go on murdering in the name of government? But Russia has sinned, I am told. Why not say, Russia has suffered, and most of all. These men I mention know the scriptures that speak of nations, *all have sinned, there is none righteous.* Who art thou whose hands drip with blood to point to thy brother's hands? Thou hypocrite—murderer and robber—cleanse first thine own hands. The earth cries out against thy crimes.

Yet this storm—whose signs I seem to see—may be like the storm of the May Day, which came upon us when we were at Wannsee. It was very threatening, but the rain was soon over and the earth became even a more beautiful place as a dwelling for war. Humanity —of this I am certain—is moving on to more splendid eras. But why man chooses to be such a blooming ass in arriving—and chooses the road of filth, crime and lies—is beyond the range of my telescope.

SYDNEY STRONG.

Is the Gandhi Movement Dead or Dying?

Editor of UNITY:

The address of Rev. C. F. Andrews, which I send you today for publication, conclusively answers the question, often asked: "Has Mr. Gandhi's great Non-co-operation Movement in India failed? Does it show any sign of failing?" But will you permit me to give some further testimony?

Hind, of August 18 (the Indian weekly published in London) contains an interview with Mr. Pickthall, Editor of *The Bombay Chronicle,* in which that eminent Indian leader declares unequivocally that "the rank and file of the people are behind Mr. Gandhi in the National Movement. They will not, broadly speaking, accept any other program than that which he has laid down, and which has been approved by three successive sessions of the Indian National Congress. The country is solidly for Non-violent Non-co-operation."

Facts like the following show the determined spirit of the Indian people. The government continues to make arrests in all parts of the country. But the people do not flinch; indeed they court arrest, with imprisonment and all its suffering, as a means of testifying to Great Britain and the world their deep conviction that the forcing on them of a foreign rule is a crime against humanity and against God, and their unshakable determination to be free. There are companies of Gandhi volunteers in all parts of the land. One young man, the captain of his company, made the long journey from Calcutta to Nagpur (some 800 miles) on Gandhi Day to court arrest. The enthusiasm of the volunteers is shown by the fact that many living 50 and 60 miles from Nagpur, where the railway officials refused to sell them tickets, walked, to get to their destination in time for arrest on Gandhi Day.

One of the prominent Indian leaders arrested last summer was Mr. Seth Jumnalal, a man of wealth, who is an ex-treasurer of the National Indian Congress. When examined by the British judge he said: "I have no statement to make except that I have joined the Non-co-operation Movement as my religious duty. I want you to inflect upon me the maximum punishment. In the discharge of my duty to my country, may God give me courage to suffer the penalties cheerfully." He was sentenced to imprisonment for 18 months with hard labor. As soon as this was known the people of the large city of Nagpur closed all business and declared *Hastal*—a day of fasting and prayer. At once resolutions of sympathy, approbation and congratulation were passed all over the country and forwarded to the superintendent of the prison, for transmission to Mr. Jumnalal, for his service and sacrifice in the cause of his Motherland.

This is the kind of testimony that comes from all parts of India.

Does Great Britain think she can permanently hold in subjection by the power of the sword, a great civilized nation justly demanding its freedom, and actuated by such a spirit?

New York. J. T. SUNDERLAND.

A Criticism of "The New Evangelism"

One of the reasons why it is a pleasure to read UNITY is because of its absolutely free platform. In its pages one may speak without fear or favor, and always be sure of that appreciation which rightminded men grant to all who really try to think honestly and impartially about the great problems of life. It was in that spirit that we enjoyed reading "The New Evangelism" * at the same time that we disagreed most heartily with much of its teaching. Now we are wondering if a few words on the other side of some of the questions involved are not worth while.

May the writer express first of all his appreciation of Mr. Whitaker's emphasis upon the iniquity of the present social order, and his agreement with him in believing that we should join with labor, socialism, or any other group which is working for the new day in a constructive way. Like him, we look upon our present social arrangements, not as unfortunate, but *as sin*, and sin of a most fundamental nature. There is need of such an evangelism as shall call men both within the church and without, to repentance for their continued participation in the exploitation of their fellowmen. If there were necessity, we could write more at length of our agreements with Mr. Whitaker, but for the present we would like to take the opposite course and speak of some of the things in which it seems to us his emphasis is one sided and unfortunate.

Perhaps it is not the intention of Mr. Whitaker to do so, but to some of us it seems that in his setting forth of "Religion in Terms of the World Process" he has missed that which, as a matter of fact, is the very basis of all true religious life, that is, the personal relationship of a man to his Maker, of a son to his Father. We believe the fact does not need to be argued that Jesus so conceived religion. We think that no one has as yet shown any reason why we should believe that he was mistaken. Men of our day resent creeds because they have been abused. But when all has been said, religion begins with the great affirmation (and the trust that is behind it) "I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth." When we try to reduce it to relationship, to a process, whether we call that process "economic determinism" or whether we call it "God," we destroy the very heart of faith; we destroy that which alone can give to the average man the unconquerable spirit as he faces the total process of life, with the necessity of conquering or being conquered. Mr. Whitaker makes the statement,

> The churches are always prating about "being reconciled to God," which is usually a very artificial and always a very individual affair. And the reconciliation which is needed is nether individual nor artifical.

We believe, in spite of his opinion, that the reconciliation needed is both individual and personal in its basis. The fact that there are many cases where men's reconciliation with God is only partial and where the social consequences of Christian faith are lacking is no condemnation of the principle itself, neither is the further fact that sometimes so-called reconciliation is artificial. The writer knows the testing of faith that comes in seeing men apparently "reconciled to God" on the personal side while still unreconciled on the social. He has put in years enough in the pastorate to be somewhat familiar with the inconsistencies of Christian business men who get their living by means of exploitation of their fellows. But nothing is gained by impatience or by unnecessary condemnation. It is not strange that after centuries in which Christianity has been construed *only* as an individual affair, we have not been able in a few short years to make all men, or even all Christians, realize its social implications. There simply is no method by which one can force progress. The masses move slowly; they always have done, and as far as we can see they always will do. Even revolution does not hasten progress in the end, but rather retards it. When one is over, the forces of reaction set in, and the evil consequences of humanity's appeal to the method of the brute outweigh any good which may seemingly have been accomplished. The Church, being a social group, and a large one, like all social groups of any size, moves slowly. But the matter of importance is not so much the *rate* of movement as the *direction* of movement. In spite of all the discouraging features in modern Church life, in spite of the maddening slowness with which Christian men are awaking to the social consequences of the gospel which they profess, no one who has lived within the fellowship of the Church during the past thirty years as the writer has done, can deny that there has been steady growth in both activity and faith in the right direction.

Mr. Whitaker says,

> I am not counting upon the churches either to make or to guide the revolution. The churches will not know that the revolution is here till their time of opportunity is past.

If he means that the churches are doing more to promote evolution than revolution he may be right. But there is such a thing as the quiet unseen revolution as well as the spectacular, in the actual process of life. It was such a quiet revolution which made possible the prohibition amendment to the Constitution of the United States when the war was over. The good work of the churches over a long period of years was all that made possible such an ending to our wartime experiment with prohibition, and it is all that will make possible the retaining of the amendment and its enforcement now that we have it. Within the churches during these same years another quiet revolution has been going on. We have come gradually to a new understanding and appreciation of the Bible through the work of historical criticism, and at the same time our eyes have been opened in a new fashion to the tremendous social consequences of our faith if we ever dare practice it. Slowly but surely the whole body of Christendom is being permeated with that spirit and faith which shall some day make possible the maintenance of the new social order after it is achieved *if* some of our more revolutionary brethren do not try to force the hands of the clock of time, giving us a revolution before the time is ripe for it. It is a mistake which has often proved costly in human life and blood, to think that successful revolutions can be imposed from without by minorities instead of being cultivated within until of themselves they capture majorities. Forced revolutions are like forced births—premature. The child of our hope—the new order—will be stillborn if we try to hurry the process of life, —and that is just what a good many of our social revolutionaries seem intent upon doing.

Mr. Whitaker says again,

*By Rev. Robert Whitaker, in UNITY numbers 14-18, inclusive.

The churches can be counted upon to grease the ways by which we are sliding into hell. There will be exceptions, of course, but the exceptions will be individuals rather than institutions.

It is true that individuals always outrun the crowd, that the prophets have always gone beyond the Church which gave them birth. But it is not true that the Church as such is merely engaged in greasing the ways to hell. The Social Service Departments of the various churches (the Methodist Social Service Department is one of the best), the Anti-Saloon League, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the Fellowship for a Christian Social Order, the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ—all of these and others which might be mentioned are really organizations whose life is drawn from the churches. The Federal Council of the Churches has often been rather a trying institution to those of us who would like to see the Church move a little faster. But in spite of that fact, we believe the Council a very worth while factor in bringing about the social revolution which we all desire. But more significant than *our* opinion is that of certain industrial interests in the United States, which have gone to considerable lengths in trying to undermine the faith of the people in the reliability of said organization *because they are afraid of it.* Now employers' associations and industrial despots are not afraid of organizations which are fighting on their side of the line. Neither would they be at all afraid of the Federal Council if they did not know that it is really representative of the churches. May we cite the following from a recent editorial in UNITY, as giving one illustration of the truth of the foregoing statements:

The Federal Council of the Churches plainly means business in this matter of the twelve-hour day in the steel industry. In a statement issued by the able head of its research department, Mr. F. E. Johnson, the Council charges Judge Gary with circulating misleading and erroneous propaganda, declares that the steel trust's investigation of the question was "only a gesture to mislead the public," and proclaims that "when industry employs men twelve hours a day, it commits a moral trespass and challenges the churches in their own field." This is talk, straight to the point, vibrant with moral authority, which does the Federal Council infinite credit, and puts Mr. Gary and his associates immediately on the defensive. What the Interchurch World Movement, in other words, so splendidly began four years ago is now being continued with determination and courage by this more permanent organization of religion. The battle is joined—and more and more as the fight goes on, the steel industry will be sure to find that the great body of public sentiment in this country is behind the churches, and will sustain them to the end. Not since the days of chattel slavery has there been an issue more clear-cut, more definitely ethical in character, more vital with appeal to the conscience of mankind, than this of the twelve-hour day. Indeed, what we have in this issue *is* slavery all over again, for men bound to the wheels of labor as the steel workers are bound, are worse rather than better off than the old-time plantation serfs. The outcome of this earlier struggle for freedom is good augury of the outcome of this present fight. Incidentally, nothing could be wiser than the Federal Council's deliberate choice of this one specific question on which to declare war against United States Steel! Better one determined effort here than any amount of agitation "all over the lot," so to speak. When this fight is done, and Judge Gary soundly beaten, the American public will have had a first class education on capitalistic enormities, and thus be not only ready but eager for the next advance against the enemy. (See UNITY, July 19, 1923.)

Now who is it that is giving this first class education in capitalistic enormities? Who is it that is leading this fight against the industrial despots of the United States Steel Corporation? It is the Federal Council of the Churches—the one organization which better than any other represents our total American Protestant Christianity. This same organization is also pushing hard the fight for more just immigration laws, the Crusade for a Warless World, and many other causes which might be mentioned. All along the line, this representative of the institutional Christianity of the Churches is quietly working away to undermine the defenses of the enemy and to pave the way for the new order, *not* the way to hell, as Mr. Whitaker suggests. We think this one institution, not to mention others, is sufficient to prove the incorrectness of his judgment as expressed in the paragraph above quoted.

But there is one conception which underlies all Mr. Whitaker's reasoning, more fundamental in its fallacy, we believe, than anything we have so far discussed. It has been referred to briefly. We mean his definition of God as "reality," as the actual process of life as we see it. He speaks of God at work as a consuming fire in the process by which the rotten foundations of European civilization were undermined in the period preceding the crash in 1914. By the figure which he uses, God is suggested as a sort of infinite Samson who pulled the house down upon the heads of his children because they would not obey his will. Of course we realize that to such an extent is his conception of God depersonalized that perhaps this last statement is hardly fair to his real meaning. It is certainly a natural inference, however, from the paragraph referred to. His mistake, it seems to us, is too close an identification of God with the process of life. The transcendentalists go to the other extreme. We believe neither to be right. God is related to the process and is in the process, but *the process is not God.* Perhaps the relationship may be compared to that which obtains between man's body and the personality which uses that body as the instrument of self-expression. I, the real person, am not the physical process which goes on in my body. I use the body for self-expression, and one might perhaps say that my personality is immanent in the body. On the other hand, there is much that goes on in the body for which I have no direct responsibility, and other things happen for which I have no responsibility whatever, either direct or indirect. Sometimes the physical processes which take place are quite the contrary of what I wish. At times they are the result of forces outside of myself over which I have no control. Again, my personality is greater than the tool, the body, and to a certain extent independent of it. My thoughts are greater than my tongue can express; my faith and my love, imperfect as they are, are too deep to find perfect expression through a physical medium. So we may say, God is far from being directly responsible for all that happens in this universe. There is much that is contrary to His will which He is helpless to change because of the very laws of His own nature and of the universe which he has created. As far as we can see, he created the first simple form or forms of life with a principle of freedom inherent in them. He took the risks of creating a universe wherein because of this inherent freedom, he should, like man his child, be under the necessity of working according to the principles of the life which he had established. God's freedom, in other words, is self-limited by that freedom (within limits) with which he has endowed the whole creation, and especially man. There is no such thing as goodness, as character, apart from will and

apart from choice. God wanted a world of men who should be his children, who should be strong and great in character. But not even God himself could create or manufacture goodness outright. Character is that quality of life which makes a man strong to do the right when he might do the wrong. Spiritual strength like physical comes only through exercise. May we not say then that it was necessary to the very nature of God Himself that he should create about himself a universe in which he would be forced to strive, and to love, and to serve to the utmost in the process of saving his children? God saves himself, God maintains the moral grandeur of his own life through his participation in the struggle by which he has willed that his children should win their rightful estate.

This inherent principle of freedom which we believe is to be found in some measure in all the life of our universe from the lowest forms to the highest, necessitates that in the resulting life there should be not a single type of reality, but a double. There is a dualism running all through the universe, a struggle of the evil with the good. If one says, with Mr. Whitaker, that God is the process, we ask which process? Life is not as simple an affair as some modern philosophers would lead us to believe. It simply is not true that God is all that there is. There is God, and there is that which is opposed to God. There is moral goodness and there is moral evil. God is the love, the righteousness, the justice, the order, which is fighting the element of violence, of evil, of chaos, which has grown up in the universe through abuse of the law of freedom. We need not be the slaves of this natural order any more than God is. To the extent that we realize our divine inheritance, we join with him in seeking the domination, the mastery, of the material by the spiritual. Both God and ourselves must wage this fight within the natural order, and by conquest we achieve realization of the highest life. Whether we believe in a personal Devil or not is of minor importance; it is a matter of theological speculation. But personal moral evil, militant in its struggle with personal moral goodness, is a matter of experience, in spite of all the denials of the pseudo-idealisms of our day, such as Christian Science and certain types of New Thought.

When we think of the principles we have been considering in their relation to the theory of economic determinism, we realize that if they are true, then the absoluteness of economic determinism is broken to the extent that man becomes God-like. Economic determinism is dominant to the extent that man does not rise above the level of the brute creation. It is a process which from our standpoint comes far nearer representing the Devil than God. God cares about man's stomach. He knows our physical need as well as our spiritual. But He also knows that his children can only reach the highest and best life to the extent that they learn to put first things first. The physical may be first in the order of natural development, but it is not first in the purposes of God, nor is it first as an end in any true life. It is only a means to God's great purpose for his children.

To the extent, then, that man becomes a spiritual being, a real child of God, to that extent he overthrows the dominance of materialism. Like God, he *wills* that love, and service, and sacrifice for the sake of his fellows may determine the course of his life rather than the particular economic surroundings and conditions in which he happens to find himself. The upward progress of the race is the story of the progressive dethronement of economic determinism as a factor in man's life. Whenever man becomes God's child consciously, spiritual determinism takes the reins of the life, and the old slavery to material environment is broken. Jesus' life was *not* determined by economic condition, but by spiritual vision. His morality, his ideals, his life activities, his untold service for mankind, were determined by his consciousness of his spiritual environment, God, and by his consciousness of man as God's child. He sought to bring all men into that freedom which he had won. He has literally become "the first-born among many brethren" in that everywhere throughout the world there are to be found those who through his guidance have found the same emancipation from condition and circumstance.

If the new social order is to be worth while when it arrives, instead of the colossal failure which is at least possible, then it will have to be built by men and women who are determined that spiritual vision and not economic necessity shall be the decisive factor in its constitution.

ROBERT BURDE.

The French in the Ruhr

[This article is important first because of its own content, and secondly because of its publication in so cautious and conservative a paper as the London *Spectator*. It tells a story which our newspapers are doing as little to make known as the English newspapers. Our readers ought to know these facts, and so we reprint this article here.—EDITORS.]

Is it possible that four years can have elapsed since the end of that Great War which was to end war? Watch the stream of weeping fugitives stumbling along the road bearing with them such sticks of furniture or clothing as they can carry. There are women and children, sick people, old people, and infants in arms. In 1914 a similar stream flowed from east to west, the Belgian and French refugees fleeing from the Germans. In 1923 this stream of misery flows from west to east; it is the German refugees in the Ruhr district fleeing from the French and Belgians. In 1914 the generous-hearted burned with noble indignation at the pitiful sight, houses were thrown open to the fugitives, national funds were raised, orphans adopted, people vied with one another to supply their need. In 1923 no one cares. Have there been too many tragedies since that fateful August, nine years ago, so that no tale of misery, however hopeless, can touch our hearts? Is it possible that we have become so numb and paralyzed that only deeds which touch our pockets can sting us into action? Or is it that our thoughts are occupied with what we are going to do in the holidays, or who is going to win the St. Leger, so that we really do not know what is happening over there in the Ruhr? Or can it be that we are afraid of being called "pro-German"? It is even less necessary to be afraid of an "anti-French" label, for the more we care for the French the more distressed we must be at their inhuman conduct in the German territory occupied by them. If we must have a label, let us call ourselves "pro-Europe."

Some of the daily occurrences in the Ruhr are an outrage on anyone's sense of justice. Let any English-

man who likes visit the German territory occupied by the French and every moment of the day he will grind his teeth at his impotence. It is terrible to watch the process of disintegration, to see a great country slipping down, every day a step nearer the abyss, gaining impetus as she slides. Terrible deeds are being done in the Ruhr in the name of the Allies, and it is more than time that we as a nation should repudiate our share in them. During the occupation, January—July, 60,000 people of every social class have been expelled from their homes and are wandering about, penniless, and dependent for their daily needs on dole or charity. 60,000 is a large number. What is their crime? Some of them have refused to work for the French, some of them are dependents of those who have refused, and so their money, their houses, and their property have been seized, and they themselves have been expelled.

Is it a crime to refuse to work for a foreign invader? If Hampshire and Sussex, for instance, were seized, one cannot help wondering how many Englishmen would consent to work for the enemy. The plight of those that remain is even worse than that of those who have been expelled. A reign of terror has been established, martial law prevails, private as well as public property has been seized, traffic is suspended, business is at a standstill, starvation, that grimmest of deaths, menaces the population. The English papers give brief notices of some of these occurrences, but only those on the spot see the significance of them. Here is an example. One Saturday two German cashiers brought a cart to the Bank to fetch money to pay the wages of the workmen belonging to a large factory. The packets of notes, amounting to several milliards of marks, were being put into the cart when the whole sum was seized by the French and appropriated. It makes but a short report in the newspaper, but anyone with imagination can visualize the misery in those little homes when the man of the family returns in blank despair to say that there will be no wages that week. Everything has already been sold that is salable, there are already only too many shops where pathetic worthless little treasures are on sale. The French still appear to believe that this form of pressure will make the Ruhr workmen give in. Never! No more than an Englishman would in a like case. No more than the French themselves did in the Great War. It hardens the German's heart and makes him set his teeth and resolve to bear anything rather than give in to the invader who has seized his country, without even the pretext of war.

The list of Germans shot by French snipers has now, it is said, reached about 100. If it happens that there is a contravention of French regulations, it matters nothing to some of the militarist fire-eaters whether the offender was aware of the regulations or not. One Sunday afternoon a certain town in the Ruhr was put under martial law. Sunday is a day when every German who can manage it goes for an excursion or a long walk in the country, and several of these pleasure-seekers came back in the evening quite ignorant of the order that had been given since their departure early that morning. Ignorance was no excuse. Six of them were shot dead by snipers and many were severely wounded. The curfew in Duisberg is at present at 8 p. m., and anyone leaving his house after that hour, be it even an anxious husband fetching the doctor for his wife in child-bed, is liable to be shot at sight. Even the windows have to be shut at 8 p. m., which is an additional hardship to those who live in small, crowded workmen's cottages.

One wishes that the writer of the headlines in the *Daily Mail* the other day, who wrote about the joys of life in "Jolly Germany," could have looked beyond the group of profiteers and foreigners of every nationality who are fattening on the fall of the mark in Berlin. and visited the markets of the poorer districts of Germany. There he would have seen women weeping because the price of bread had gone up so high that they could not afford to buy it for their families. Meat, a small quantity of which is necessary for the miner and laborer doing heavy manual work, is 100,000 marks a pound. Milk is 15,000 marks a litre, and all other prices are in accordance. A tiny piece of soap costs 12,000 marks—it is very bitter for those who have always kept their children clean and respectable to forgo the last remnants of decency. There were the current prices for the third week of July. The wages for this week were 200,000 marks a week for unskilled laborers, 400,000 for skilled laborers. One pound of meat would therefore be a quarter of the latter's whole weekly wage. The writer in the *Daily Mail* has recently been writing on the absurdly low prices of German postage, but he makes the mistake of comparing them with English prices, according to the value of the mark in London. This comparison is theoretic; the real test is to compare them with the rate of the weekly wage, when postage will be found in comparison very high. If that writer in the "London edition of the Paris *Daily Mail*," as it has been aptly called, had watched as I have the children coming out of school with little legs like match sticks and white wistful faces, if he had watched the lean, hungry-looking students at the Universities, if he had seen, as I have, the women of gentle breeding slink round early in the morning to see if there was anything to eat in the garbage pails put out for clearance, if he knew anything of the shifts the professional classes are being put to to live at all, the difficulties of the smaller tradesmen, clerks, governesses, teachers, to keep their heads above water, if he went with an unprejudiced mind in the tramcars in the working-class districts, if, above all, he only knew how near the cracking point is, I think he would change his views about "Jolly Germany." All the French are doing is to goad the population into a longing for revenge that cannot die for generations.

This article, which has only been able to touch on the fringe of the tragedies which are happening, is not meant as a reply to those who say, "Are they suffering and starving? Jolly good thing too; let them starve!" There *is* no answer to that kind of mentality. My article is meant rather to stimulate those who say, "Are they suffering? I don't believe it. Everything is exaggerated," to inquire into the truth for themselves. In 1914 people were blind up to August 4th. They shut their eyes and refused to believe what was surely coming. And now, nine years later, just as certainly, famine, anarchy, pestilence, war, are coming; and unless something is done to avert them they will be upon us by Christmas, and probably sooner.

A Book a Week

Mary Badollet Powell Memorial

MEN LIKE GODS. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Mr. Barnstaple read in the newspapers on Saturday that the following day at the Community Church of New York, Dr. John Haynes Holmes would preach on "Men Like Gods," by H. G. Wells. He had heard of Dr. Holmes. He understood that he was a minister of the new, the modern school and somewhat of a dissenter even there; that he was "advanced," that he had taken his church out of the Unitarian denomination and re-organized it "with regard for the humanities." Even in England he had sometimes seen him quoted. And he knew Wells personally. Perhaps this would be his only chance to hear him, and it was not an opportunity to be ignored. Especially in view of the fact that Mr. Barnstaple himself would be discussed because of his presence in the book!

So yesterday morning Mr. Barnstaple traveled via stifling subway to 34th street and found a place in the rear of the church a few minutes before the service began. While he waited for the opening anthem, he studied the congregation. He saw an equal number of men and women, and it occurred to him that this was odd. In other churches women always seemed to predominate. Remarkable! Men attending religious service. He had thought they cared nothing for religion. . . Colored men and women, too. It was not solely a white man's church, then. He had supposed the two races never mingled on such occasions —in America. He had never seen a colored man in a white church before. Certainly a very liberal congregation. . .

Mr. Barnstaple fell to wondering how many had read "Men like Gods." If they could know that the principal character was under the same roof at the moment! But, of course, they would never think of that. They would suppose him a mythical personage —never consider him as live and active and *present* as themselves! Well, the world is a little place, and the line between what we call real and what we call unreal is very thinly drawn. Mr. Barnstaple resolved to speak with Wells about this when he returned to England.

The minister appeared in the pulpit. A tall man, with strongly modeled features, flashing eyes, a well-shaped head; a personable man, a man of power—in reserve and in the process of expression.

Hymns, readings—from Wells and John Cowper Powys, announcements, more hymns—one by John Addington Symonds. Finally the sermon.

Dr. Holmes' voice thrilled him. It was a rare instrument, under perfect control. An artist as a speaker. That, thought Mr. Barnstaple, was what a great minister should be, primarily. Not only able to formulate thought, but also capable of expressing it tellingly.

Mr. Barnstaple caught himself suddenly—he had been thinking more about the speaker than about the speech!

Ah, yes. Dr. Holmes was describing Wells' previous books. They fell into two classes: books about the world as it is, indictments of modern capitalism, of war, of outgrown institutions; and books about the world as it might be, Utopian books. "Men Like Gods" belonged to the latter class. It was a projection. It dealt with a world like our own, but three thousand years older in its development of spiritual and social values. It dealt with a people whose remote ancestors had passed through an Age of Confusion like our own.

He spoke of other Utopian books by other authors —Plato, Sir Thomas More, William Morris. He said "Men Like Gods" was a "mighty good story, perfectly fascinating from the first page to the last." Other Utopian works were matter-of-fact, dull even, lacking vitality. Wells was different; he could not be uninteresting, even if he tried. Mr. Barnstaple agreed.

The second part of the book was the most thrilling thing the speaker had read in a long time—referring, of course, to the siege of the crag, which Wells had compared with the siege of Antwerp in the great war. It was a valuable work from the point of view of satire —the portraits of Winston Churchill, as Rupert Catskill, of Lord Balfour as Mr. Burleigh, of the late Father Vaughn as Father Amerton, especially. Rich material for satire. Mr. Barnstaple was, of course, Wells himself! That was a good guess, but not quite accurate. Mr. Barnstaple was sorry that Dr. Holmes had said that. Barnstaple, as that gentleman well knew, was just a *part* of Wells—his "better self," so to say. Not that part that ranted, that was inconsistent. Mr. Barnstaple was the quieter side of Wells. Even Wells knew that.

It was important that we should realize that Wells was dealing with real people, with people active in the government of the British Empire in the present Age of Confusion. Yes, of course.

Then a word for facetious reviewers. They had seized on the fact that Utopians wore no clothes. A humorous point. Wells had stripped the Utopians for an important reason. He wanted to indict the hypocrisy of people as regards sex. He wanted to force sex into its proper place, as a minor element of life.

Cities next. Wells hated cities. Dr. Holmes seconded the motion. Cities were cancers on the face of the earth. New York was "a monstrous Hell" of a place. No crowds in Utopia.

On earth people operated under the codfish theory. They bred like codfish. But in Utopia no woman ever bears a child unless she really wants that child and unless she knows that the child is desired—needed—in Utopia.

Men shall learn to control birth as they control other forces—electricity, water, steam, etc.

Education, then. We Earthlings believe in the amateur bringing up of children. In Utopia, however, professional child-culturists have charge of little folk. When the children reached the adolescent period they were returned to their parents. "A woman who is fit to bear a child is not necessarily fit to bring it up." A plea for training for motherhood. "We are never going to save our world until we stop breeding unlimitedly."

Some day we would learn the importance of emancipating children from the tyranny of parents.

Politics. There was no political government in Utopia. "Our education is our government." The last politician had died in a madhouse. Competition had given place to co-operation; consequently political government had disappeared; it was no longer necessary.

Politics was only a form of war, a struggle for power and position. No such contest in Utopia. There the professional guilds controlled their own affairs. There were no law-breakers, because there was nothing to gain by law-breaking. There were no lawyers for the same reason. People were well-born in Utopia, and they were educated to give, not to take.

There was no private property in Utopia. Except, of course, tools and a few things like that. No private property in the large, the trading sense. No private ownership of things necessary to social happiness. Natural resources all socially owned.

Hence no need for money. It was just a big beneficial society. The members paid dues in the form of labor and were thus entitled to a living—a very good living, better than any now available upon earth.

There were no churches because there was no sin. Dr. Holmes thought there would be churches in Utopia —even if there were no sinners to save.

The lesson of the book, then. It was a preachment in behalf of personal liberty—of personal privacy, of liberty of movement, of liberty of knowledge, of truth —a lie was a capital offense in Utopia, and of free discussion. These were the fundamental principles of freedom.

Wells relies on science to conquer and control natural values, on public ownership of these values once they are conquered. Hence the exaltation of individuals. All this, he believed, could only be accomplished by education. There was no hope for the world save as we changed our educational theory from that of taking to that of giving, from possession to service.

The book was not to be taken seriously as a blueprint of the world to be. No man can see the future in detail. It was important because it was a great gesture of faith. "We must live not for this world but for the better world to come."

Mr. Barnstaple would have been willing to hear more. He did not realize how long Dr. Holmes had been speaking. It was all such an interesting review. Mr. Barnstaple blushed with pride at the good things said of Wells. But he was much too modest to blush out loud.

So he left the church and walked down town, smiling to himself and wondering what Wells and he would do next.

As he strolled along his attention was attracted to two young men who were quarreling. One of the pair angrily cried to the other, "Gimme that nickel, or I'll knock your —— head off!"

Mr. Barnstaple thought momentarily of suggesting arbitration. But he dismissed the idea instantly.

"Slowly, slowly," he whispered to himself and marched on home to his hotel, where he sat down and wrote Wells all about it.

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

Country Glimpses

Even hot, dry August days have their compensations, and morning and evening bring hints of autumn. The country no longer resounds with the song of the birds as at mating time, but it is interesting to watch the mother birds feeding their young. I saw a charming sight—Mr. and Mrs. Blue-bird sitting on the telephone wire outside my window, with three young blue-birds between them. For some little time, they sat as quiet as mice. Then the mother bird flew down to the lawn. This seemed to be the signal for breaking up the group. The three young birds swiftly followed and the father was not far behind. There they hopped about, greedily demanding food from the mother bird. I often wonder when and where the mother feeds herself. She seems no sooner to have gathered a dainty morsel than the young ones open their greedy little bills and chirp insistently to be fed. The cheeky little blackbirds are the most insistent. Did I say little? They are now as large as the parent birds. One can only tell by their plumage and their actions that they have not reached the age of discretion. It is no rare sight to see a dozen grown blackbirds on the croquet lawn, each with two or three young birds following her, chirping lustily, and opening their bills for each morsel that the older bird obtains.

The orioles are carefully guarding their young and they bring them before the cottage to make our acquaintance. Yesterday in the apple tree the two parent birds and two young ones were having a party, feasting first upon the apples and then transferring their attention to the oranges put out to tempt them. Even the shy thrush has condescended to bring her young before our door. Yesterday, the mother bird pecked contentedly upon an apple which had fallen from the tree. Not far away, Mr. Woodpecker clung to a tree trunk. I felt that there would be trouble. Down flew Mr. Woodpecker, chattered shrilly at the thrush, so that she dropped the apple, and moved aside. Instantly Mr. Woodpecker grabbed the apple by the stem and flew off with it. I was furious and exclaimed: "Mr. Woodpecker, I hope your burden proves too heavy for you and that you lose it." Scarcely were the words uttered when the stem snapped and the apple fell to the ground. Chattering more noisily than ever, he flew away disgusted, doubtless hoping for another opportunity to steal an apple from a quiet, inoffensive bird.

Last evening the sun sank like a bowl of molten copper in the west. It was quickly hidden behind the dense woods, but left its glory behind. Just south of the spot where the sun sank was a great three connered cloud, perfect gold in color, with rosy glow beneath and purple clouds above, which slowly enveloped it, turning all to amethyst. The distant shores were lost in an orchid haze and the turquoise sky was dotted here and there with clouds, which looked like floating swans-down. Every moment the colors changed; the white clouds gradually turned pearl, then grey; then taupe; one had all its edges touched with silver. Swiftly night set in. The purple haze deepened on the distant shores until they were lost in the darkness. Through the dark clouds, a silver crescent came into sight, gradually taking on a deeper, richer tone, until it looked like a golden promise floating in the sky.

First of all the stars came Venus, but the others followed more quickly than the eye could follow until the sky was thickly dotted with them. We watched the sky turn from turquoise to deep sapphire, then to midnight blue, while moon and stars spread their calm glory over all.

H. S. N.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN—'FREE SPEECH'?"

"Free Speech" means *your* right to say anything you think, without fear of interference by anybody. It means equally the right of the other fellow to speak his mind just as freely. It means that no man, however much you may dislike his ideas, should be punished for anything he says. However radical, blasphemous or revolutionary his language, he must have the same right to express his bad ideas as you have to express your good ones!

What man is wise enough to set himself up as judge of what ideas are good and what bad? Every good idea we have now was once thought bad by the people in power. Our country was built on ideas that looked bad to the English rulers. The right of revolution and the right of free speech were two of those ideas. The religious freedom we enjoy was once thought a bad idea, and was won only after a bitter struggle against those who insisted we should all worship God the same way. All history clearly shows the folly of suppressing a single idea, and the wisdom of letting all ideas be freely agitated. The useful last, and the bad die without suppressing them.

The issue of free speech is raised only when there is a conflict of ideas—when something new or unpopular is being said. We hear of it now chiefly from radicals who are trying to bring about the control of industry and of the government by the workers, and to do away with the present control of industry by private capitalists. The cry of free speech is raised in most conflicts between employers and employees,—also by the advocates of birth control, and by others whose ideas are bitterly opposed and frequently suppressed.

A whole crop of "gag laws" has resulted in the last few years in an effort to suppress those new ideas. Public officials, even without law, have gotten the habit of interfering with speakers they don't like, or those opposed by local business interests. The chief ideas which these laws and officials aim at are the "overthrow of the government by force and violence," and "the unlawful destruction of property." Such laws, under which hundreds of men and women have been arrested, are against the principle of free speech. They violate our traditions of a country. In practice, these laws go far beyond their own language and result in jailing persons just because they are radicals, whether or not they advocate the prohibited ideas.

The prosecutions under these laws mark the conflict between two great ideas in the world today—one the present control of industry by private capital, and the other the proposed control of industry by the organized workers (as represented by the radical experiment in Russia). This new idea can't be killed off by locking up its advocates. Instead, locking them up increases the zeal of their party, and enlarges the circle of their friends and sympathizers. *But even more surely, it encourages secret conspiracies and "underground" movements. Continued with severity over a length of time, repression of a new force has always brought on violence and often revolution.* History is plain on that point. We can see the lesson in small degree in the conflict between capital and labor here in the United States.

Therefore, it is perfectly clear that orderly progress can be achieved only by unlimited free speech. No man should ever be locked up for what he says. Let him advocate overthrowing the government by violence. Let him advise the destruction of property. Let him spout any foolishness he likes. The time to lock him up is when he *actually starts to do something.* If someone who hears him takes his advice and starts something, lock them both up. He who directly advises a criminal act is equally guilty with him who does it. But unless there is an act, done or attempted, the utterance should not be punished. *The only way to judge the effect of words is by acts.*

Drawing that line between word and deed is our old historic American position. It was the settled law of the land up to the Supreme Court decision in the Debs case in 1919. The war and the agitation against radicals after it changed the law and the court decisions—so that now it is constitutional to jail advocates of ideas that may lead to immediate dangers. But, constitutional or not, it is bad public policy. It does more harm than good. It cannot stop the idea, and it leads to violence. *No man is able to exercise wisely the power of declaring what ideas are dangerous enough to be jailed, and what are not.* Your opinion would differ from the next man's—and who is right? A sane public opinon can force respect for unlimited free speech, and make repressive laws a dead letter.

Are you with unlimited free speech or for violence? That is the only choice you have. You can't say you are "for free speech, but————" and be for it. "Free" means free from any "ifs", "ands" or "buts". *If you think you are for a limited "free speech," where would you draw the line—and whom would you have draw it?* It is the conservatives who ought to be the warmest supporters of free speech, even for their radical opponents. It is the one means of saving their interests from ultimate violent attack, and of bringing about changes peacefully. But the conservatives don't want change by any method, violent or peaceful. So they oppose all radicalism by repression. All through history they have always behaved true to that form.

So the defenders of the principle of free speech today are the "liberals," the progressive political parties and leaders, and the groups who are attached either by law, lawless officials, or such lawless elements as the Ku Klux Klan. These groups are organized labor, the organized farmers, Negroes, radicals, advocates of birth control, Jews, Catholics and others. Many of these, of course, mean "free speech" just for themselves, and would not lift a finger to help get the same right for their opponents. *Those who defend the principle itself, for everyone, under all circumstances, are rare citizens. The one national organization which represents a big and militant body of them is the* AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION, *with headquarters at 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Literature describing its purposes and activities will be sent to anyone free upon request.*

There are those who charge these advocates of free speech with being merely a cloak to promote revolutionary movements aimed at our government and business system. They call the free speech advocates "disloyal and un-American." These critics fail to see that the free speech advocates could not possibly agree with all the ideas and movements they

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defend. Many of these movements are in bitter conflict with one another. They fail to see, too, that defense of free speech is loyalty to the spirit of democracy, liberty and orderly progress to which this country is dedicated. It is not loyalty to the private business powers who seek to make their interests "patriotic" and all other "disloyal." The critics of free speech are chiefly that kind of "business patriots."

If your loyalty is to free speech and fair play for the other fellow, you can serve it in many ways:

(1) You can express your views where they will count in public opinion; and conversation counts.

(2) You can write letters of protest to the editors of local papers when you see some endorsement of repression, or letters of approval when you see free speech endorsed. All such letters help. They are usually printed, but you can have your name omitted, if you so request. Letters of the same sort to public officials help whenever an issue arises.

(3) You can help any local free speech issue by going to meetings, seeing officials, serving on committees, or contributing money. *You help most when you stand up for the fellow you most disagree with.*

(4) You can join the AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION and identify yourself with the national campaign for free speech for everyone. *In the last analysis, your own right of free speech is at stake. If it can be taken from others, it can be taken from you.*

For further information, address

AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION
100 Fifth Avenue
New York City

BIRTHDAYS IN NOVEMBER OF POLITICAL PRISONERS

Birthdays in November of Political Prisoners confined in American Prisons are announced by the Workers' National Comfort Club, 2923 Chestnut Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, as follows:

AT LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS, Box No. 7: November 8th, James P. Thompson, Reg. No. 13145.

AT SAN QUENTIN PRISON, SAN QUENTIN, CALIF.: November 5th, James LaLonde, No. 38122; November 7th, Ben Whittling, No. 35721; November 11th, Paul Ware, No. 37908.

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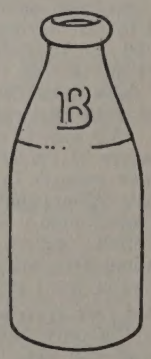

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